Pleas Ex

South Carolina Leader.

ALLEN COFFIN, Editor. "First the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear."---Paul. FOUR DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

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PROSPECTUS

FOR THE

South Carolina Leader.

A Weekly Journal of the Times.

THE LEADER will be devoted to the interest of Free Labor and general reform.

The Federal Government will be sustained at all hazards: and we hope that its ultimate policy towards this State will ensure peace, prosperity, and domestic tranquility.

That self evident truth, contained in the Declaration of Independence, "That all men are created equal," will be steadfastly adhered to.

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In striving to make this emphatically a paper for the people, we confidently look to them for the amount of subsciption and advertising patronage, which its worth demands.

T. HURLEY & CO

POETRY.

TREASURES.

I have some withered flowers
That are softly laid away,
Not because they were so beautiful
And fragrant in their day;
But little fingers clasped them,
And little lips caressed,
And little hands so tenderly
Placed them on "mothers" breast.
The paper that enfolds them
Was white in other years;
But 'tis yellow now, and crumpled,
And stained with many tears.
Yet, though they look so worthless,
This paper and that enfolds them
They clasp and hold like links of gold,
Memories of jewel-hours.

I have some little ringlets
That are softly laid away,
Their lustre and their beauty
Are like the sun's glad ray.
But 'tis not for this I prize them—
It is that they restore
The tender grace of a loving face
That gladdens earth no more.
As shipwrecked men, at midnight,
Have oft been known to cling—
With a silent prayer, in wild despair,
To some frail floating thing—
So I, in darkened moments,
Clasp, with a voiceless prayer,
Whilst wandering wide on grief's deep tide,
These locks of golden hair.

I have some broken playthings
That are softly laid away,
With some dainty little garments
Made in a long past day.
To each there is a history;
But this I may not tell,
Lest the old, old flood of sorrow
Again should rise and swell.
Now that the skies have brightened,
And the fearful storm is o'er,
Let me sit in tender calmness,
On Memory's silent shore,
And count the simple treasures
That still remain to show
Where Hope's fair freight, by saddest fate,
Was shipwrecked, long ago.

I have another treasure
That I have softly laid away,
And, though I have not seen it
This many a weary day,
From everything around me
Comes a token and a sign
That 'tis fondly watched and guarded,
And that it still is mine.
When the flowers lie dead in winter;
In their winding-sheets of snow,
We know they'll rise to charm our eyes
Again in Summer's glow.
Thus I, in this chill season,
When frost and darkness reign,
Wait the blest Spring, whose warmth shall bring
Life to *my* flower again.

Home Journal.

The Philadelphia Board of Health have employed agents, who go to every house and direct the removal of everything calculated to generate noxious effluvia that meets their attention.

An *enfant terrible* once asked a lady if the person living in the next house to her was an idiot. "Not that I know of," replied the lady. "Why to you ask, child?" "Because," said the child, "mamma says you are next door to an idiot."

It is remarked (says a London reporter), by the police of the water side, that nearly every female who throws herself into the water is careful to divest herself of her bonnet and shawl, which are placed on the ground in such a manner as not to be in the least damaged.

COMMUNICATED.

Articles inserted under this head are written by correspondents. We shall be glad to publish communications of merit, but do not hold ourselves responsible for their sentiments.

SAND-BANK JOTTINGS.—No. IV.

MR. EDITOR,—I promised to write upon the social condition of the colored people of Hilton Head. The blacks are no exception to the remark that man was made for society. It is pre-eminently true of them. Given to excitement, they associate together, and adopt such customs as the social element of their nature suggests. Those in whom the religious element predominates find their pleasure in their established forms of worship. Others, more fond of mirth, gratify this propensity in the dance and other light and exciting diversions.

It is not to be expected that a people so lately out of the house of bondage should exhibit the highest phase of social life. That would be a miracle. Bought and sold in slavery like chattels, herded like cattle, and compelled to lead beastly lives, it is unnatural to suppose that they would spring all at once to a state of moral and social purity. No nation on earth would have shown such a transformation as that. We should expect that many of their loose habits would cling to them for years.

To some extent, this is so with these people. Still, they show no unwillingness nor incapacity to improve when properly taught the principles of cultivated society. Much progress has been made. The marriage bond has been established on a firm basis, and family ties are generally respected. True, there are those on whom their covenants sit lightly. They can marry and dissolve, and shift about almost any way to accommodate. But such looseness is restrained when discovered.

In their contracts and general dealings with each other, and with white people, the blacks have not yet generally adopted the principles of upright, honorable dealing. I have found strict integrity the exception, and not the rule. True, the exceptions are numerous and honorable, and, I hope, are multiplying; but too many either do not understand the nature of a contract or other obligation, or they consider them too trifling to be of any account.

Even the religion of some is so slipshod as to allow and cover dishonesty. For instance, a man was sick and about to die; in this condition, he desired a religious brother to attend him and perform religious duties. The brother whom he selected came; after a day or two, he took the sick man to his own home near by, and attended him till his death, which occurred in a few days. He then claimed and appropriated all the deceased man's property, and only gave the legal heirs their share at the end of a lawsuit.

It may seem paradoxical to say that though the colored people have strong social feelings, there is yet a lack of hospitality. It is too much "me and mine." There is not that whole-hearted feeling which welcomes the way-farer, and gives him an humble meal or a night's lodging, and cheers him on his way. The Freedmen's Bureau must provide for him. This should not be so.

It is said, "a fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind." And certainly those who are rejoicing in their new-found liberty should not leave it for Freedmen's Bureaus to do what they should leap for joy to do for each other when in their power.

There are many things which education alone can do for these people; and not alone the education of the school-room, but the lessons of precept and example. Slavery crushed their natures; freedom must heal and elevate them.

The mothers, especially, must be taught their duties in training their households. It was a law of slavery that "the child followed the condition of the mother." And in another sense, the children follow the condition of the mother the world over. The child confides in the mother, is cheered by her sweet words, and blessed by her counsels. Education must subdue vicious tempers, break down enmities, and establish the reign of love and kindness.

In the intercourse of the white and colored people on this island, one thing has been found true, and that is, that they can live together. There are some of both races who advocate entire separation, but on no tenable ground. It is said they quarrel with each other. Granted. But whites quarrel with each other, and so do blacks. Do they therefore separate? Let all have their rights, and there will be no quarreling, and none need be horrified at the idea of social equality.

Many things in social life are matters of taste. Every one can choose his own associates, and drink tea or dance polkas with whom he pleases. That the whites have committed numerous outrages on the blacks, even since emancipation, is undeniable. That the blacks have been unfaithful to the whites in some cases, is no less true. But as they need each other's services, and are therefore mutually dependent, why not act in simply good faith, and cause enmity to cease? Is not this the more excellent way?

France has had sixty-seven queens. Of these, it is said that eleven were divorced; two executed; nine died young; seven were widowed early; three cruelly treated; three exiled. the rest either poisoned or broken hearted. This is a French fashion that our American ladies will not care to adopt.

MISCELLANY.

BRAZIL.

THE BRAZILIAN SLAVE TRADE.—THE REPUBLIC OF PALMARES.

[Correspondence of the Evening Post.]

RIO DE JANEIRO, October, 1865.

Near the close of the fifteenth century the traffic in human beings, which irrespective of color, had existed from the days of the Greeks and Romans, had nearly ceased on account of public sentiment and from the decrees of kings and popes. It was, however, considered perfectly legal to enslave the Moors of Africa, who could not be reached by public sentiment or the proclamations of European monarchs, and who persisted in making slaves of every Spaniard, Frenchman or Italian whom they might capture in the Mediterranean. The Portuguese took advantage of the permission to put Moors into bondage, by extending that name to the non-Mahommedan heathen tribes of trophical Africa. The Portuguese, therefore, became the fathers of the modern African slave-trade.

THE EARLY BRAZILIAN SLAVE TRADE.

In 1508 the Spaniards began to import slaves from Africa into the West Indies. But when Brazil had become a prosperous colony of Portugal and poured the productions of her fields and forests into the lap of Lisbon and Oporto, the labor question assumed new importance, and Africa, only eighteen hundred miles away, was more than ever cruelly set upon to furnish supplies of involuntary laborers, and up to the year 1850, negroes were annually brought by tens of thousands to Brazil, and sold from he Amazon to the La Plata into the severest bondage. So it is only here and there that we can find an incidental account of the condition of the slavery previous to this century—when the cruelty was such that a man usually perished in five years. Indeed, up to 1850 it was considered cheaper to use up a man every five or seven years, and then purchase a new one, than to take care of him. The Latin race, it has been observed, have always been more cruel to the negro in slavery than the Anglo-Saxon; but on the other hand the Portuguese, the Spaniard and the Brazilian have always been more just to the emancipated slave, and have given him more scope for self-emancipation than the English or the American.

The larger number of the slaves were landed at Bahia, Pernambuco and Rio de Janeiro. Sometimes the market was so glutted with them at Bahia that an able-bodied man could be purchased for fifty-dollars. The situation of Bahia made it from early times an important rendezvous for the slave-traders, and one great cause of the decline of the commerce of Bahia from 1838 to 1850 was the activity of the English cruisers, which prevented embarkations on the coast of Africa. It is not generally known that, notwithstanding the effective opposition to the traffic which the English have manifested during the present century, the strong bulwork of the abominable trade was the English capital, by which the marts of human flesh and blood were kept up. Rev. Dr. Kidder, who visited Bahia in 1839, put upon record here the history of the slave-trade up to that time. He says that "few slave vessels were fitted out without large credits from English houses, based on the anticipated sale of their return cargo. It was not principle that cut off these credits, but the repeated losses of the slave-dealers, which left them nothing to pay. Yet the derangement of so vast a business as the slave traffic had become has been severely felt in the commercial affairs of Bahia, not only on account of the number of persons engaged in it, but also on account of the market it had hitherto furnished for two principal products of the province—rum and tobacco."

RANSOM.

The Portuguese, hard-hearted as they were, did not fully enter the slave-trade without some twinges of conscience. They glossed over the matter by pretty euphemisms, and laid the flattering unction to their souls that they were sending vessels "to ransom those poor pagan African captives and bring them where they could be Christianized by baptism." In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the official term always employed for the slave-trade was "the commerce for the ransom of slaves."

In 1756 King Joseph of Portugal issued a decree, which is a great comment on the times. Many planters of sugar cane and tobacco in the province of Bahia sent the king a memorial, setting forth that the business of "ransoming slaves" had become a monopoly, and praying his royal interposition. This was soon forthcoming, and was worded to the following effect:

"First. That this commerce should thenceforward be free to every one in all the ports of Africa, both this side of and beyond the Cape of Good Hope."

"Second. But that in order to avoid the evil of having vessels employed and a bad selection of provisions, boards of inspectors in Bahia, Pernambuco and Parahiba should examine, with all care, the cargo and provisions of each ship fitted out, and see that the vessels were light, not carrying at most more than three thousand packages of tobacco, in order that they might enter any port and accomplish a good ransom at moderate prices."

THE REPUBLIC OF PALMARES.

The slaves brought from Africa to Brazil from the middle of the seventeenth century to the extinction of the traffic were fine specimens of humanity—particularly those called Minas, who were brought from the interior and embarked at Badagray, in the Bight of Benin That these men felt their degraded condition and resolved to enjoy personal liberty, and were capable of maintaining it for a long time against large odds, is evident from the history of the "republic of Palmares," of which a number of Brazilian writers have given us interesting accounts. Southey, in his "History of Brazil," gives an extended narrative of Palmares. On the Atlantic coast, about half way between Pernambuco and where the great river San Francico debouches, is the town of Porto Calvo Sixty miles from this town, in the interior, there existed in the seventeenth century a government and people wholly composed of Africans, who, escaping from slavery, here found a refuge in the virgin forests where the palm tree predominated—hence the name, "The Republic of the Palmares." Here, amid a scenery resembling that of their native land, they found secure shelter, and they increased by natural augmentations and by constant desertions from the plantations for hundreds of miles along the coast. They formed villages and cultivated the ground. Their chief town contained six thousand houses, and "it consisted of three streets, each being a half hour's walk in length. The huts were contiguous, and each had its garden. The forest supplied them with fruit and game. And they were also a provident and industrious people, for they were flood tillers of the land, so that at all times they abounded with food."

Twice a year they gathered their maize, and celebrated both harvests with a week's festival of rejoicing. They had their forms of religion and justice, both being a comingling of heathenism and of Christian civilization. They had a systemized military disipline. Every evening it was their custom to call the muster roll and see if any were missing. The two disadvantages of their situation were want of water in dry seasons and nearness to the Portuguese settlements. This proximity, however, favored the escape of their brethren, and gave them opportunities of predatory warfare. Their contact with Europeans and their descendants had not practically impressed upon them a very rigid notion of Christianity or of *meum* and *tuum*; for, had they not been stolen from their own homes by Christian Portuguese, and had they not been compelled, at the point of the goad, to labor without remuneration for the Brazilian colonists? Who, then, will wonder that when their watering parties were attacked and their fields destroyed that they answered by the *lex talionis*. They carried destruction to the frontier settlements, and inflicted more injury than they received.

The war they waged was without quarter except for those of their own color. Their practice was to receive all who fled on equal terms, but they retained as slaves all whom they made prisoners. In sixty years they acquired such strength and audacity that they infested the surrounding country. Their numbers were increased by men of color who fled from justice, as well as by slaves who sought liberty. Like the early Romans, they obtained their wives by force. Whenever they made an inroad they carried off the negresses and mulattoes, and often their uxorial tastes were not limited to their own color, but they seized the wives and daughters of the Portuguese planters, and thus compelled their enemies to deal with them upon equality; and, where the wives and daughters of the whites were concerned, no return would be made unless a heavy ransom was paid in arms, money, or whatever the palm-tree republicans demanded. Thus they instituted their "good ransom."

GOVERNMENT OF THE REPUBLIC.

According to their enemies, they were well governed. They had an elective chief, and a council of their best men. They were perfectly loyal in their obedience to their chief; and it is said that no conspiracies or struggles for power had been known among them. Robbery, adultery, murder, and attempted desertion by the slaves who joined them, were punished with death. They were clad in the spoils of the Portuguese; but they also derived supplies by a regular trade, which was carried on with some of the people of Pernambuco, who supplied the Palmaresians, in defiance of the law, with arms, amunition and European goods of every kind, in exchange for the produce raised in the Palmares, and the gold and silver acquired in their incursions.

In a well planned ditched circuit of five miles twenty thousand of their people could be enclosed in the strong stockades or fortifications, and chosen men were always placed as watchmen on the outpost. At length the Portuguese suffered so much from the depredations of the citizens of Palmares, that in 1695 they resolved to exterminate this republic of fugitive slaves. For this purpose an army of ten thousand men were sent against them. So long as small arms only were used the negroes held their own, but when, after heroically defending themselves, artillery was brought against them, the fate of the republic of Palmares was sealed. The leaders perferred death to bondage, and hurled themselves from a lofty pinnacle in the centre of their stockade. The survivors of all ages were again reduced to slavery. Husbands and wives, parents and children were separated; one fifth of the men were selected for the crown, and the remainder were divided among the captors as a booty, and thus Palmares was obliterated.

Not half the people of the neighboring provinces now know of its former existence; but the administrative capacity exhibited in the three score years of its duration show these men to have been more capable of self-government than half the European descendants of South America. For Peru, Venezuela, Bolivia, Mexico, and others of the Hispano-American countries have had chronic self misrule since their independence.

NEGRO CAPACITY.

While this was the only instance, on a large scale, of the administrative and military ability of negroes in South America, there were many single examples of capacity and valor. I would not have to cite, at the present day, in any part of Brazil, more than the mere name of Henrique Dias, to call up all that is understood in intelligence, bravery, and skill. He was an African, the son of a slave woman, who commanded the army in the famous battle of Guatapes, which was fought between the Portuguese and Hollanders in 1646; and which decided forever the power of Holland in Brazil.

That many of the blacks brought over by the slave trade have shown themselves worthy of freedom, I need not but mention that very many of them previous to 1850 worked out their own freedom, and then paid their fares back again to Africa. Captain Burton informed me that he had found many in Africa who had once been slaves in Brazil.

The prospect of the extinction of the traffic in human beings was hailed with pleasure by every lover of Brazil, but was harped upon by croaking prophets, who confidently predicted that the ruin of the country would ensue; but no country connected with slavery ever exhibited such a striking example of benefits immediately resulting from the extinction of the detested traffic.

J. C. F.

THE SEARCH FOR JOHN SMITH.

John Smith married my father's great uncle's eldest daughter, Melinda Byrne. Consequently I was a relative to John.

John's family had often visited us at our quiet country home, and at each visit had most cordially pressed us to return the compliment.

Last October, business called me suddenly to the city of B——, where they resided, and, without having time to write and apprise them of my coming, I was intending a visit to the family of Mr. John Smith.

With my accustomed carelessness, I had left his precise address at home in my note-book; but I thought little of it; I could easily find him, I thought to myself, as the cars set me down amid the smoke and bustle of B——.

I enquired for my relative of the first hackman I came across.

He looked at me with an ill-suppressed grin. What was the fellow laughing at? To be sure, my clothes were not of the very latest cut, and it was not just the thing for any one out of the army to wear blue with bright buttons; but my coat was whole, and my aunt Betsey had scoured the buttons with whitening and soft-soap until they shone like gold. I repeated my question with dignity.

"Can you direct me to the residence of Mr. Smith?"

"Mr. S-m-i-th?" said he slowly.

"Yes, sir, Mr. John Smith. He married my father's great uncle's eldest daughter, Melinda."

"I don't think I know of a Mr. John Smith with a wife Melinda."

John Smith seemed to be a common noun with him, from the peculiar tone he used in speaking of that individual.

"Ah!" remarked I, "then there is more of that name in this city?"

"I rather think there is."

"Very well, then, direct me to the nearest."

"The nearest is in West Street, second left-hand corner—you'll see the name on the door."

I passed on, congratulating myself on the cordial welcome I should receive from John and Melinda.

I soon reached the place—a handsome house with a silver doorplate. I rang the bell. A servant appeared.

"Mr. Smith in?"

"No, sir: Mr. Smith is in the army."

"Mrs. Smith, is she?"

"In the army!—no, no. She's at the beach."

"This is Mr. John Smith's house, is it?"

"It is."

"Was his wife's name Melinda, and was she a Byrne before she was married, from Squashville?"

The man reddened, and responded angrily.

"I'll not stand here to be insulted. Make off with yourself, or I'll call the police. I thought from the first that you were an entry thief, but you don't play no game on me: And he banged the door in my face.

A thief! If I had not been in such a hurry to find the Smiths I should have given that rascally fellow a sound chastising."

Inquiry elicited the fact that a John Smith resided in Arch Street. Thither I bent my steps. A maid servant answered my ring.

"Mr. Smith in?"

Before the girl conld reply, a big, red-faced man jumped out from the shadow behind the door, and laid his heavy hand upon my shoulder.

"Yes, sir!" he cried in a voice of thunder, "Mr. Smith is in! Yes, sir, for once he's in. He stayed at home all day to catch you. And now, by Jupiter, I'll have my revenge!"

"Sir," said I, "there must be some mistake. Allow me to inquire if you are Mr. John Smith?"

"I'll inform you about Mr. John Smith in a way you won't relish, if you don't settle the damage forthwith. Five thousand dollars is the very lowest figure—and you must leave the country."

"Good gracious!" I cried, "what do you take me for? You'd better be careful, or you'll get your head caved in."

"I'll cave your head in for you, you young villain, you!" cried he, springing at me with his cane.

"Oh, John! dear John!" cried a shrill female voice, and a tall figure in a sea of flounces bounded down the stairway. "Don't, don't for the love of heaven—don't murder him!"

"Who the deuce do you take me for?" cried I, my temper rising.

"It looks well for you to ask me that question," sneered the man; "you who have won my wife's heart, and are here now to plan to elope with her! I have found it all out—you needn't blush,—"

"I beg your pardon for interrupting you," said I, "but I have never seen your wife. I perceive she is not Melinda, the eldest daughter of my father's great uncle—"

"Sir, will you deny you are William Jones? Do you deny that you are in love with my wife?"

"I am not a Jones—I have not the honor, sir. My name is Parkwell, Henry Parkwell," and, with a bow, I took myself off.

After that I had called at the residences of three John Smiths, none of which was my Mr. Smith, and nothing occurred worthy of note. My next Mr. Smith resided in Portland Street. Thither I bent my steps. It was a very small house, evidently not the house of wealth and cleanliness. I made my way up to the front door, through a wilderness of old rags, broken crockery, old tinware, etc., scattering a flock of hens, and rousing a snappish little terrier from his nap on the steps.

A red-faced woman answered my rap, but before I could make my customary inquiry, she opened upon me like a two-edged butcher-knife.

"Well, of all the impudent rascals that ever I see, you beat the lot! I want to know if you had the cheek to come here again? You'd like to sell me another German-silver teapot, and another brass bosom-pin to dear Araminty—wouldn't you?"

"By no means," said I, "I beg to inform you—"

"Oh, you needn't beg; we don't believe in beggars. I suppose you thought I shouldn't know you? but I did. I should know that black bag of yours in Californy. Clear out of my premises, or I'll lay my broom-handle over you! If there is anything I hate it's a peddlar—especially a rascal like you!"

"Allow me to inquire," said I, "if Mr. Smith's wife was Melinda, the daughter of my father's—"

The broomstick was lifted. I heard it cut the air like a minnie bullet, and sprang down the steps into the street at my best pace.

An angry man I did not fear; but who can stand before an angry woman? I had rather face a roaring lion.

I called on two more Mr. Smiths—still unsuccessful in my search. It was getting near dark, and I was more than anxious to reach my destination.

My next Mr. Smith was located in Lenox Street. It was at twilight when I rang the bell at his door.

A smiling fellow admitted me, fairly forcing me into the hall before I had time to utter a word.

"Walk right in, sir; they are waiting for you. The ladies will be down in a moment. Hattie is in the back parlor. Walk right in, sir."

I was gently pushed toward the door of a shadowy apartment, and at the entrance I was announced.

"Mr. Henry!"

The gas was not lighted, and the apartment was in semi darkness. I heard a soft, quick foot-fall on the carpet, and a pair of arms fell around my neck, and a pair of the sweetest lips on the footstool touched mine; and, good gracious! the world swam, and I felt as if I had been stewed in honey, and distilled into Lubin's best triple extract of roses.

"Oh, Henry! my dearest and best! why don't you kiss me, Henry!" cried a voice like music. "Have you ceased to care for?" and again the kiss was repeated.

Who could resist the temptation? I was naturally a diffident man, but I have some human nature in me, and I paid her, principal and interest.

"Oh, Henry, I had so feared that being in the army had made you cold-hearted—Good heavens!" She fell back against a chair, pale as death. The servant had lit the gas, and I stood revealed.

"I beg your pardon, mar'm," said I. There is evidently some mistake. May I inquire if Mr. Smith's wife was Melinda Byrne, the eldest daughter of my father's great uncle!"

The red flush came to the young lady's cheek—she was as handsome as a picture—and she replied with courtesy:

She was not. "You will, I hope, excuse me for the blunder I have committed. We are expecting our brother Henry from the army, and your blue clothes deceived me."

"For which I shall always wear blue," I replied gallantly. Allow me to introduce myself. I am Henry Parkwell, of Squashville," and in making my best bow, I stumbled backwards over an ottoman, and fell smash into a china closet, demolishing at least a dozen plates and as many tumblers.

I sprang to my feet, seized my bag, and without a word dashed out of the house.

I knocked over a man who was passing at the moment, and landed myself on my head in the gutter. The man picked himself up, and was about to make a display of muscle, when the glare of the street lamp revealed to me the